

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"How could he," demanded Joan, the soldier's daughter, sharply, "be was on duty!"

"Well," answered Margaret, still resentful and unconsoled, "he would not have done that before we were married! And it is only the first day we have been together, too, since—"

And she buried her head in her kerchief.

Then came a knocking at the door. "Enter!" cried Joan imperiously, yet not a little glad of the interruption.

Werner von Orseln stood in the portal. "My lady," he said, "will you bid the Count von Loen leave his work and take some rest and sustenance. He thinks of nothing but his drill."

"Oh, yes, he does," cried the Princess Margaret; "how dare you say it, fellow? He thinks of me! Why, even now—"

She looked once more out of the window, a smile upon her face. Instantly she drew in her head again and sprang to her feet.

"Oh, he is gone! I cannot see him anywhere!" she cried, "and I never so much as heard them go! Joan, I am going to find him. He should not have gone away without bidding me goodbye! It was cruel!"

She flashed out of the room, and without waiting for tiring maid or coquette, she ran downstairs, dressed as she was in her light summer attire.

Joan stood a moment silent, looking after her with eyes in which flashed a tender light. Werner von Orseln smiled broadly—the dry smile of an ancient war captain who puts no bounds to the vagaries of women. It was an experienced smile.

"This well for Kernsberg, my lady," said Werner grimly, "that you are not the Princess Margaret."

"And why?" said Joan a little haughtily. For she did not like Conrad's sister to be treated lightly even by her chief captain.

"Ah, love, love!" said Werner, nodding his head sententially. "It is well that I ever trained you up to care for none of these things. Teach a maid to fence, and her honor needs no champion. Give her sword-cunning and you keep her from making a fool of herself about the first man who crosses her path. Strengthen her wrist, teach her to lunge and parry, and you strengthen her head. But you do credit to your instructor. You have never troubled about the follies of love. Therefore are ye Joan of the Sword Hand!"

Joan sighed another sigh, very softly this time, and her eyes, being turned away from Von Orseln, were soft and indefinitely hazy.

"Yes," she answered, "I am Joan of the Sword Hand and I never think of these things!"

Von Orseln saluted, with a face expressionless as a stone. He marched to the door, turned a third time and saluted and with heavy footsteps descended the stairs.

At the outer door Prince Conrad was dismounting. The two men saluted each other.

"Is the Duchess Joan within?" said Conrad, concealing his eagerness under the hauteur natural to a prince.

"I have just left her!" answered the chief captain.

Without a word Conrad sprang up the steps three at a time. Werner turned about and watched the young man's firm, lithe figure till it had disappeared.

"Faith of Saint Anthony!" he murmured, "I am right glad our lady cares not for love. If she did, and if you had not been a priest—well, there might have been trouble."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Broken Bond.

Above, in the dusky light of the upper hall, Conrad and Joan stood holding each other's hands. It was the



"Death alone shall turn me back this time."

first time they had been alone together since the day on which they had walked along the sand dunes of Rugen.

Since then they seemed to have grown inexplicably close together. To Joan, Conrad now seemed much more her own—the man who loved her, whom she loved—than he had been on the island. To watch day by day for his passing in martial attire brought back the knight of the tournament whose white plume she had seen storm through the lists when, a slim secretary, she had stood with beating heart and shining eyes behind the

chair of Leopold von Dessauer, Ambassador of Plessenburg.

For almost five minutes they stood thus without speech; then Joan drew away her hands.

"You forget," she said smiling, "that was forbidden in the bond."

"My lady," he said, "was not the bond for Isle Rugen alone? Here we are comrades in the strife. We must save our fatherland. I have laid aside my priesthood. If I live, I shall appeal to the Holy Father to loose me wholly from my vows."

Smilingly she put his eager argument by.

"It was of another vow I spoke. I am not the Holy Father, and for this I will not give you absolution. We are comrades. It is true—that and no more! To-morrow I ride to Kernsberg, where I will muster every man, call down the shepherds from the hills, and be back with you by the Alla before the Muscovite can attack you. I, Joan of the Sword Hand, promise it!"

She stamped her foot. Half in earnest and half in mockery of the sonorous name by which she was known.

"I would rather you were Joan of the Grange at Isle Rugen, and I your jerkined servant, cleaving the wood that you might bake the bread."

"Conrad," said Joan, shaking her head wistfully, "such thoughts are not wise for you and me to harbor. We must stand to our dignities now when the enemy threatens and the people need us. Afterwards, as it like us, we may step down together."

"Joan," said Conrad, very gravely, "do not fear for me. I have turned once from a career I never chose. Death alone shall turn me back this time."

"I knew it," she answered; "I never doubted it. But what shall we do with this poor lovesick bride of ours?"

And she told him of her interview that morning with his sister. Conrad laughed gently, yet with sympathy.

"Leave me Von Orseln, and do you take the young man," said Conrad; "then Margaret will go with you willingly and gladly."

"But she will want to return—that is, if Maurice comes, too."

"Isle Rugen?" suggested Conrad. "Send your ten men who know the road. If they could carry off Joan of the Sword Hand, they should have no difficulty with little Margaret of Courtland."

Joan clasped her hands with pleasure and relief, all unconscious that immediately behind her Margaret had entered softly and now stood arrested by the sound of her own name.

"Oh, they will have no trouble, will they not?" she said in her own heart, and smiled. "Isle Rugen? Thank you, my very dear brother and sister. You would get rid of me, separate me from Maurice while he is fighting for your precious principedom. What is a country in comparison with a husband? I would not care a doit which country I belonged to, so long as I had Maurice with me!"

A moment or two Conrad and Joan discussed the details of the capture, while more softly than before Margaret retired to the door. She would have slipped out altogether, but that something happened just then which froze her to the spot.

A trumpet blew without—once, twice and thrice, in short and stirring blasts. Hardly had the echoes died away when she heard her brother say, "Adieu, best beloved! It is the signal which tells me that Prince Ivan is within a day's march of Courtland. I bid you goodbye, and if—if we should never meet again, do not forget that I loved you—loved you as none else could love!"

He held out his hand. Joan stood rooted to the spot, her lips moving, but no words coming forth. Then Margaret heard a hoarse cry break from her who had contemplated love.

"I cannot let you go!" she cried. "I cannot keep the vow! It is too hard for me! Conrad! I am but a weak woman after all!"

And in a moment the Princess Margaret saw Joan the cold, Joan of the Sword Hand, Joan Duchess of Kernsberg and Hohenstein in the arms of her brother.

Whereupon, not being of set purpose an eavesdropper, Margaret went out and shut the door softly. The lovers had neither heard her come nor go. And the wife of Maurice von Lynar was smiling very sweetly as she went, but in her eyes lurked mischief.

Conrad descended the stair from the apartments of the Duchess Joan, divided between the certainty that his lips had tasted the unutterable joy and the fear lest his soul had sinned the unpardonable sin.

A moment Joan steadied herself by the window, with her hand to her breast as if to still the flying pulses of her heart. She took a step forward that she might look once more upon him ere he went. But, changing her purpose in the very act, she turned about and found herself face to face with the Princess Margaret, who was smiling subtly.

"You have granted my request?" she said softly.

Joan commanded herself with difficulty.

"What request?" she asked, for she had forgotten.

"That Maurice and I should first go with you to Kernsberg and afterwards to Plessenburg."

"I cannot go," Joan murmured, thinking aloud. "I cannot ride to Kernsberg and leave him in the front of danger!"

"A man must not be hampered by affection in the hour of danger!"

"Do you know," said Joan, "that Prince Ivan and his Muscovites are within a day's march of Courtland, and that Prince Conrad has already gone forth to meet them?"

"What?" cried Margaret, "within a day's march of the city? I must go and find my husband."

"Wait!" said Joan. "I see my way. Your husband shall come hither."

She went to the door and clasped her hands. "Send hither instantly Werner von Orseln, Alt Pikker and the Count von Loen."

She waited with the latch of the door in her hand till she heard their footsteps upon the stair. They entered together and saluted.

"Gentlemen," said Joan, "the enemy is at the gate of the city. We shall need every man. Who will ride to Kernsberg and bring back succor?"

"Your highness," said Werner von Orseln, respectfully, "if the enemy be so near, and a battle imminent, the man is no soldier who would willingly be absent. But we are your servants. Choose you one to go; or, if it seem good to you, more than one. Bid us go, and on our heads it shall be to escort you safely to Kernsberg and bring back reinforcements."

The Princess came closer to Joan and slipped a hand into hers.

"Von Lynar shall go!" said Joan. Whereat Maurice held down his



"A man must not be hampered by affection in the hour of danger!"

head, Margaret clasped her hands, and the other two stood solidly awaiting instructions, as became their position.

"At what hour shall I depart, my lady?" said Maurice.

"Now! So soon as you can get the horses ready!"

"But your Grace must have time to make her preparations!"

"I am not going to Kernsberg. I stay here!" said Joan, stately.

Werner von Orseln was just going out of the door, confiding to Alt Pikker that as soon as he saw the Princess put her hand in the lady's he knew they were safe. At the sound of Joan's words he was startled into crying out loudly, "What?" At the same time he faced about with the frown on his face which he wore when he corrected an irregularity in the ranks.

(To be continued.)

NEW CURE FOR SNAKE'S BITE.

Follows Plan of "Hair of the Dog That Bit You."

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you," is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying pan into the fire, and it cannot certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times, when an antidote is more commendable.

Dogs are not, however, the only animals whose bite is to be feared; and those people whose travels have led them to far lands know that poisonous snakes are much more to be dreaded.

Though by far the greater proportion of those persons thus bitten die, there is a certain number who recover, thanks to prompt measures, and thanks also to the administration of the exact remedy which any particular snake bite requires.

It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the old adage mentioned above—which thus serves a turn—an almost certain cure for snake bite is the injection of a small portion of the bile of the reptile which has attacked any one, and which—the snake being generally killed on the spot—is naturally at hand.

The gall bladder is extracted, its contents filtered, and the fluid injected under the skin. The method sounds somewhat complicated; but no snake-bitten person will complain if by this means he escapes a rapid death.

The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering from the poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worse than an abscess at the point of penetration of the serpent's tooth.—Chambers' Journal.

What Caused the Noise.

A lady, having occasion to consult a friend, called at her home, but was unable at first to obtain admittance. Hideous sounds suggesting the caterwauling of all the cats, accompanied by what appeared to be the tramping of an elephant upon the keyboard of a piano, issued from the house.

The matter being imperative, and wishing at least to leave a message, our friend redoubled her efforts at the bell in the hope of ringing hard enough to stop the clamor within.

Succeeding at last in her endeavor, the din ceased abruptly and the door was opened by a trim German maid. The family, it appeared, was out, and the maid said:

"Ven de cat's avay den plays de mouse der piano."

PRINCESS ROBERT DE BROGLIE

American, Singing on London Music Hall Stage, ~ Husband, ~ Descendant of ~ Marshal of France, Plays an Accompaniment

Boston.—Titled persons are not a rarity on the stage these days of the ascendancy of money power, but something of a sensation has been caused in London and in several of the larger cities of the United States by the appearance of a prince of illustrious lineage with his wife in vaudeville.

They are the Prince and Princess Robert de Broglie, the husband being the cousin of the sixth Duke of Broglie, head of one of the most distinguished families in France, and the princess having been Miss Estelle Alexander, daughter of a wealthy New Mexican planter and divorced wife of a millionaire merchant of German extraction, Sidney V. Veit by name.

Family quarrels and the triumph of their attachment make a romantic story of the lives of the young couple. The continent has princes and nobles in such profusion, many of them bogus, that continental titles have lost much of their significance to Englishmen and Americans, but Prince Robert de Broglie is the younger son of a really historic French family. Among the old ducal houses of France, the name of De Broglie possesses a special interest to Americans, for one of its most distinguished members, Prince Victor de Broglie, served through the war of independence in this country as one of the principal lieutenants of General the Marquis de Lafayette.

This prince was afterward guillotined by Robespierre in 1794, but his son married a daughter of the celebrated Mme. de Staël, and it is their great-great-grandson who is now

Chinese proverb says: "Trouble does not come from heaven, but is brought about by some woman." A beautiful American girl, the daughter of Lyman Alexander, an American landowner, who held large tracts in southern California, Miss Estelle Alexander was the wife of a merchant and importer, of Prussian antecedents, named Veit, when she met the Prince Robert de Broglie in Paris in 1904. That meeting was in the studio of an artist in Paris, and the prince's mother and sister were present at the meeting. She was young and possessed of an enchantment in the shape of an unsympathetic husband; the prince was youthful, ardent, a great admirer of beautiful women. Day after day the prince's valet carried flowers and notes from his master to Mrs. Veit. She knew him then only as M. de Broglie.

She left her husband's house in Paris finally. That made Herr Veit's divorce a very simple matter, an easily achieved formality. And it was from that moment that the couple's troubles began.

Disinherited by Father.

Prince Amedee de Broglie, the father of the youthful Robert, was a stern parent, with all the inherited prejudices of his class. As almost Roman power over the affairs of his children is given a father by the French laws, the elder prince's objections counted for much more than would have been the case had he been an American. In defiance of his expressed command, the couple were married in Milan. The parent immediately took action in the French courts to have the marriage annulled on the ground that it had been con-



wielding the baton in conducting the orchestra for his wife's songs in their vaudeville entertainments.

Other batons than that of a leader of an orchestra have been wielded by Prince Robert's ancestors, for a De Broglie was a marshal of France under the Grand Monarque and another under Louis XVI. Another Duke de Broglie was the philosopher and academician who, as head of the cabinet of Louis Philippe, was riding by his sovereign when Fieschi opened fire on them with his infernal machine. This was the De Broglie who married the daughter of Mme. de Staël, and his son was chief of MacMahon's cabinet and grandfather of Prince Robert.

Led by Woman's Beauty.

How comes it that a scion of this august family of dukes and marshals and statesmen earns his living conducting an orchestra in a music hall while his American princess performs behind the footlights?

The cause was Miss Estelle Alexander, now the Princess Robert de Broglie, a famous beauty. An old

rank. So it came about that Prince Robert found New York capitalists cold to the propositions he unfolded concerning his inventions of a freight-carrying automobile with a vapor motor.

Reduced to Penury.

Things went from bad to worse with the Prince and Princess Robert de Broglie. Meager and yet meager lodgings they secured, until finally they were living penniless, in a garret, with their baby daughter, the Princess Jessemonde. It was then that an enterprising theatrical manager discovered them and made an offer to star the princess in vaudeville, with her husband conducting the orchestra as a sort of side-show attraction.

Immediately the press took up their cause and painted the sufferings endured by the romantic pair for their love's sake. A thousand newspapers carried the story of their misfortunes to millions of American homes. Headlines made celebrities of this couple, and the evil day of poverty and of pinching had passed for Prince and Princess Robert de Broglie.

Prepared by the newspapers for their appearance, the public extended a kindly welcome to the pair in vaudeville, and even staid, cold-hearted London has since opened its pursestrings to see them perform. It is said that the prince is a capable conductor of the orchestra and that the princess is a singer of no mean ability, possessed of a voice which would gain her recognition even without her romantic story and marriage to a prince to support it.

Divorce Runs in Family.

The princess had early experience of the operations of the divorce courts, for her mother was separated and divorced from her father, the planter, and married Edward Clay, a stepson of Senator Jones, as her second husband. And it is by no means the prince's first venture on the sea of matrimony. About five years ago he fell desperately in love with the former wife of Count Fleury, daughter of Baron Deslandes, who, after her divorce from her husband, son of the famous ambassador to St. Petersburg, shone as the leader of a famous coterie of wits and fashionables gathered nightly in her Paris salon. She then assumed her mother's name, that of the Baroness Deslandes.

She was 30 years old and he was 21, but that did not prevent a blind attachment. In spite of the strenuous opposition of his powerful family, Prince Robert married her clandestinely in London. Immediately the Prince Amedee started action to annul the marriage, claiming that there was virtually no marriage, since it was without the consent of the parents, without publication, and had not been entered upon the French civil registers. He won his case, and the marriage was declared invalid. For quite two years Prince Robert was insoluble; and then he met the beautiful Miss Alexander in Paris, and all was sunshine again for him.

Prince an American Citizen.

Owing to the difficulties with his family, the prince was driven in November of last year to renounce his allegiance to the republic of France and to take out citizenship papers in the United States. The estate of the De Broglies, which surrounds the famous Chateau de Chaumont, is considered one of the most magnificent in France. His father, Prince Amedee, married a daughter of the sugar king, Henry Say, whose immense fortune was subsequently lost through wild and fraudulent speculation.

The princess is an accomplished, as well as an exceptionally beautiful woman. During her education in Europe, she studied with Capoul of the Paris opera and with Fugere of the Opera Comique. In describing her own appearance recently, the Princess Robert de Broglie gave the following details:

Yawning Beneficial.

Systematic yawning seems to have proven highly successful in Austria as a method of vocal and health culture. Dr. Naegeli advises deep yawning, with arms outstretched, thus insuring complete change of air in the lungs, and at each treatment he has his patients make six to eight yawns, each being followed by swallowing. He regards the exercise with deep breathing, as the best means of strengthening the respiratory organs and muscles, while it gives astonishing relief in catarrh of the throat. For slingers a like practice causes the tonsils and uvula to retract and harden, and the clear passage gives the voice greater volume and improved quality.

His Living Alarm Clock.

"I've got the best alarm clock in the business and Uncle Sam provides it for me," said a Brooklyn business man of irregular hours. "Two or three days of each week I have to rise early. Our postman has a remarkably piercing whistle and also always rings the doorbell when he leaves any mail. But although he comes regularly as clockwork at seven a. m., he does not always leave mail for me and consequently his whistle does not always blow and the doorbell ring. So I just buy a postcard the afternoon before and mail it myself. It has never failed to arrive by the early mail, accompanied by the whistle and bell."—N. Y. Sun.